A

Serenata Theatrale.

To be Repreſented on the

BIRTH-DAY

Of the Moſt Serene

ANNE,

By the Grace of God, QUEEN of *GREAT-BRITAIN*, &c.

AT THE

Caſtle of *Dublin*,

The Sixth Day of *February*, 1712.

By Their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices Command.

Set by Mr. *John Sigiſmond Couſſer*,
Chappel-Maſter of *Trinity-College*.

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#4th 182

A SERENATA.

PERSONS.

Britain *in a Royal Throne.* *The* Thames *encircled with* Najades. Apollo *with the Nine Muſes.* Glory *and* Zeal *in Trionfant Carrs.*

Brit. THro' all the Race of rowling Time, when ever
This happy Day returneth,
My Brave and Pious *Britons*
For ever mindful of Immortal *ANNA*
Will keep it Sacred: So the zealous Perſian
Adores the radiant beams of Day returning;
So Veſtals keep their Fire for ever burning.

Aria.

God of Day, renew the Year,
Nature change, produce us Flowers:
Days ſo happy and renowned
Ought to be with Garlands crowned
Warm'd with gleams and wet with ſhowers.

God of, &c.

Tha. My ſympathizing Flood, thro' winding Valleys
Receives the Cannons Din with ſounding Ecchoes,
And ſwells with Joy. A throng of liſtning *Najad's*,
With joyful cries redouble.

The

The loud applauſes of th' Extatick Nation;
So *Nilus* Streams reflect th' exalting raptures
Of *Egypt*'s Hinds, when *Apis* their adored,
Loſt in *Oſyris* is again reſtored.

Aria.

Ye num'rous watry Powers,
That in the deep reſide
Or wanton on the Tide;
Forſake to day your undiſcover'd oozy Bowers
Diſplay your graceful Pride,
And dance along my Banks adorn'd with Wreaths
(of Flowers.

Choir of Nymphes.

Heaven ſmiles, and Earth rejoyceth,
All the Waves their Voice have raiſed:
There's not any kind of Creature
In the ſpacious Realms of Nature,
But at ANNA's *Birth is pleaſed.*

Heaven, &c.

Tha. But, who's that glorious She, ſerene as Heaven
That fills the Throne, from who's bright Eyes reflecteth
A light, that gives the day a double luſtre!

Brit. 'Tis matchleſs *ANNA*, that tranſcendent Heires,
Of Her Illuſtrious Grandſires num'rous Virtues,
Obey'd in ev'ry thing, that She commandeth,
Whoſe pow'rful Charms and Arms there's none
(withſtandeth.

Aria à 2.

Brit. } *à 2.*
Tha. } *Virtue, Fortune, Beauty blazing*
In this Happy Queen conſpire;
Theſe are Charms ſo much amazing,
Greater Mortal can't deſire.

Tha.

Tha. My Nymph's, continue Her deserv'd applauses,
And may the favou'ring Heaven
Continue still its blessings
As great as those it has already given.

Choir of Nymphes.

Tides of Joys shall flow among us
While the Fates preserve this Treasure;
Late, when She to Skies returneth,
And the World in Sables mourneth,
We'll partake of their displeasure.

Tides, &c.

Ap. From the fourth Circle of th' Etherial Regions,
From whence I guild the Swarthy Orbs, and cherish
The World with heat, I visit
This joyful Court intent on *ANNA*'s praises.
She, who Her Bounty to the World diffuses,
Shall e're be celebrated
By *Apollo*, and his Sacred Choir of Muses.

Aria.

ANNA *for ever shall grow in Renown,*
Lethe Her Glorious Actions shan't drown;
A Monument lasting as Nature we'll rear Her,
Only dissolvible by the last Fire,
When both the Heaven and Earth shall expire;

ANNA, *&c.*

CHACONNE.

Zeal. Unerring Prudence still presides
In all the various Schemes, She lays;
Not one, in whom She e're confides,
The Secret of Her Breast betrays.

Brit. She holdeth Juſtice all Divine,
And keeps inviolate Her Laws;
Nor lets the Balance e're decline,
But as the weight of Merit draws.

Glory } *à* 2. *Tha.* } Serene as Heav'n is *ANNA*'s Breaſt
Devoid of groundleſs Hope, or Fear:
Theſe Phantoms n'ere Her Soul infeſt,
For Fortitude is lodged there.

Ap. Where only fear to offend prevails
Each other fear in vain aſſails.

Chorus. Few Pleaſures She procures from Taſt,
Her Temperance is ſo refind;
Her moſt delicious repaſt,
Is in the pleaſures of the Mind.

Tha. In ſacred Wiſdom's deep abyſs
Her vaſt deſires for Knowledge ſound;
She wraps Herſelf in pleaſing bliſs,
When She the pretious Gemm has found.

Zeal. Her Providence th' effect foreknows
That may from ſuch a Cauſe ariſe:
This baffles Her intriging Foes
And Guards Her ſafe from all ſurprize.

1. *of the Choir.* She none but worthy Ends purſues,
And ever chooſes lawful means;
Hence Her Proſperity enſues
And She belov'd, in Glory reigns.

Brit. } *Tha.* } *à* 3. *Apol.* } Religion graven in Her Breaſt
Does all thoſe Holy Thoughts ſuggeſt.

1. *of the Choir,* Tho' as a Lamb or galleſs Dove
Her gentle Nature's moſt ſedate;
Yet Sh'ill a daring Lyon prove
To ward of Dangers from Her State.

Brit. } *à 2.*
Glory }

That Harmony that ſways Her Soul,
Is peaceful as the Spheres above;
The ſtrongeſt Rhetr'ik to controul,
And teach Her Subjects mutual Love.

1. of the Choir.

Her Piety ſo far tranſcends
She does'nt only extend Her care;
To'Her Country and Her neareſt Friends,
But all Mankind does of it ſhare.

Apol.

Thoſe Pow'rs, She deigns to make Her Friends
Are in Her Friendſhip greatly bleſt;
Not one of them for Succours ſends,
But has His Grievances redreſt.

Chorus.

Her Gratitude with watchful Eye
All kind of Services regards;
Done by a Subject or Alley,
And bounteouſly the ſame rewards.

Tha.

Hail! bright Virtue, thy Luſtre moſt clearly does ſhine
Thee great *Anna* adorns, and thou mak'ſt Her Divine.

1. of the Choir.

Tho' high in Her Majeſtick Sphere
She's affable complaints to hear.

Zeal.

Tho' juſt Her Mercy does abound,
Nay, when She puniſhes, She grieves;
But, where true Penitence is found,
She willingly the Fault forgives.

Tha.

Let a *Momus* or *Zoilus* now, if he can,
Find a Fault in our Perfect and Gratious Queen *Ann*;
Let the Envious caſp, and conſume with diſguſt,
Or the Worthleſs repine, all their Piques are unjuſt.

Apol.

She conferreth Her Favours on thoſe that deſerve,
Who the Church and the Nation do Loyally ſerve.

1. of the Choir.

Mount on the Pinnions Fame,
Thy Brazen Trumpet ſound;

Proclaim

Proclaim aloud Her Name,
Where Seas on Earth are found.
The liſtning World will hear
Her Story with ſurprize;
Think Her a Goddeſs here
Deſcended from the Skies.

Chorus. Such a Poet as *Homer* or *Pindar* ſublime,
Or a *Maro* can equal Her Merits in Rhyme;
When a Genius inferior attempteth Her Praiſe,
He but leſſens Her Grandure, He meaneth to raiſe.

Apol. Behold, with what unparalel'd advances,
She climbs the ſteep and ruggid paths of Virtue!
The famous tracks of Her Foreſathers Virtue
Sh' has paſt. Her happy projects
Of Peace and War ſucceed; She lays the Baſis
Of Pow'r, and laſting Empire;
She from the Church the largeſt Praiſes merits,
Who aws, without Effuſion
Of Blood, the rage of diſcontented Spirits.

Aria.

Zeal. *Allarm, Allarm, the Clarions call us,*
Defend the Church, defend the State;
Delay not leſt you come too late,
When Harms uncurable befall us;
Allarm, &c.

Chorus.

All. *Ye Monarchs, that true greatneſs ſearch,*
Of happy ANNA *learn to Reign;*
Your Subjects love, preſerve their Church,
And then y'are ſure your point you'll gain.

Apol. } à 2.
Tha. }
Zeal. }
In ANNA *ev'n the humbleſt find,*
A tender Mother Love She ſhows;
To all degrees of Subjects kind,
On merit juſt rewards beſtows.

All. *Ye Monarchs*, &c. *Brit.*

Brit. } *à 2.*
Glory }

The Seeds of Union, by Her ſown,
So much are Cheriſh'd by Her cares;
That they are ripe already grown,
In ſpite of Blaſts or Civil Jarrs.

All. *Ye Monarchs*, &c.

Zeal. Inceſſant Cares Her Royal Breaſt embarraſs;
She thinks Herſelf not happy,
If any Danger threaten
The Church and Safety of Her Loyal *Britons*.
Her piercing Genius, and abyſs of Wiſdom
See thro' the ſecret Schemes of plodding Traytors,
Blaſt their Deſigns, and baffle their Abettors.

Aria.

For Thee, 'tis vain, Pretender,
T'oppoſe Her ſtronger Fate:
For m'yriads of Loyaltiſts e'er will defend Her,
And powerful Allies Abroad will befriend Her.
From Foreign Invaſions, or Foes in Her State.
For Thee, &c.

Tha. The Series of Her happy Enterprizes,
Will leave but little for ſucceeding Monarchs;
Known Lands and Seas are now become too narrow,
To bound Her ſpreading Glories.
The Billows groan beneath Her num'rous Navies,
Into the South diſpatched,
To joyn new Kingdoms to the Britiſh Empire;
That South as well as North may Homage pay Her,
And all the Iſles from Eaſt to Weſt obey Her.

Aria.

Great Britain, *Queen of Iſles,*
Bid Aged Neptune *ſay*:
Did ever Fleets ſo glorious

Or Captains ſo Victorious
Their Streamers in his Watry World diſplay?
Great, &c.

Brit. Shou'd *ANNA* ceaſe to ſtop th'encroaching Torrent,
Of *Gallick* Pow'r, the Flood would ſoon o'erwhelm us,
And ſwallow *Europe* in the rapid Deluge.
She like another Wiſe and Pow'rful *Pallas*,
This raging *Mars* with mighty Force repreſſes,
And all the Wrongs of Neighbouring States redreſſes.

Aria.

Your Hectring Allarmers
Are never Performers,
True Courage is gentle, and ſcorneth to boaſt:
But once, if you wrong Her,
She'll be ſo no longer,
Her Anger you'll find, you've provok'd to your coſt.
Your, &c.

Zeal. Was She not in expenſive Wars engaged,
What might not *Britains* Church expect from *ANNA*?
Such mighty Pledges of Her Love already
And Piety Sh'has given!
Each Sacred Fabrick, that Her Bounty raiſes,
To future Times will carry down Her Praiſes.

Aria.

No Traytrous Deſigner,
Or Sly Underminer,
Shall e'er bring their Politick Practice to bear.
Her Actions do prove
The greatneſs and truth of Her Love
Which daily She makes you deſerving to ſhare.

Glory

Glory. What higher Pyramid of lasting Glory,
Can Mortal climb, than that, where *ANNA*'s seated?
Like some refulgent Angel,
That o're a Sphere Presides or Guards an Empire
From wasting Demons Malice;
She checks the will of Tyrants, that wou'd ravish
The Rights of others on their Pride to lavish.

Aria.

Blenheim, Ramily, Mons *and* Dender,
France's *Minaces vain did render*;
Britains *Lyons in* Belgia *roaring*
And th' Imperial Eagle soaring,
Crowns, and Captive Trophies send Her.
Blenheim, *&c.*

Apol. Her Virtues, Glory, Merits and good Fortune,
May justly claim at future Coronations,
When joyful shouts salute the New-Crown'd Mo-
These most pathetick Wishes (narch,
That they may be as Great and Good, as She is.

Grand Chorus.

Late may She return to Heaven,
Crown'd with Vict'ry and applause;
To the spacious World may Laws,
By Her e're She goes, be given.

FINIS.

Glory.

What higher Pyramid of lasting Glory,
Can Mortal climb, than that, where NAPA's seated?
Like some refulgent Angel,
That o're a Sphere Preſides or Guards an Empire
From warring Demons Malice;
She checks the will of Tyrants, that wou'd ravish
The Rights of others on their Pride to prey.

Blenheim, Ramily, Mons And Dendat,
France's Minces vain did reinder,
Britains Lyons in Belgia roaring,
And th' Imperial Eagle fearing,
Crowns, and Captive Trophies find Her.
Blenheim, &c.

Her Virtues, Glory, Merits and good Fortune,
May justly claim at future Coronations,
When joyful Hours salute the New-Crown'd Pair,
That they may be as Great and Good, as She is.

Grand Chorus.

Late may She return to Heaven,
Crown'd with Fame and applause,
To the Paeons Portal way Laurs,
By Her o're She Goes the Queens.

FINIS